

Arlington Advocate.



CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

VOL. XII.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1883.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

NO. 26.

Pasturing for Horses.

I have good pastures at Arlington Heights or East Lexington, with

Plenty of Shade, Good Water,

upland and lowland. I see all horses daily, but take them at risk of owners.

Price \$2.00 a week.

Also colts or vicious horses broken. Sick or lame horses treated scientifically. Horses bought and sold.

F. ALDERMAN.

Telephone No. 6830.

H. L. ALDERMAN,

Veterinary Surgeon.

P. O. address, East Lexington, Box 1.

11matf



Lexington and Boston Express.

BOSTON OFFICE, 33 Court Square. Order box at H. Locke's, 42 Faneuil Hall Market. Office at Lexington, Lexington Cash Store. Office at East Lexington, at Post Office and at R. W. Holbrook's.

FURNITURE MOVING.

lydec25

New Store.

Grocery on Pleasant Street,
ARLINGTON.

CHOICE SELECTION

—OF—

STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES

Next Door to Pleasant St. Market.

PEARSON'S

Arlington Wheat Biscuit,

Evaporated Apple and Peach,

Canned Goods in Variety.

Give us a call and see store and goods.

CASSIUS M. HALL.

FAMILIES

Wishing for BROWN BREAD and BEANS, can have them left at their houses by leaving their orders at the Arlington Bakery.

15jun3w J. H. TYLER, Register.

HOUSE LOTS FOR SALE.

Situated on Muzzey Street, Lexington, adjoining the Monument House, with 70 feet or more front, 160 feet deep. They are finely situated and will be sold on reasonable terms.

Apply to CHARLES ADAIR.

Lexington, March 10, 1883. 10mar1f

Land for Sale.

Six acres good pasture land, partially wooded off from Pleasant street, Arlington, easy of access. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to C. S. PARKER, No. 2 Swan's Block.

ARTHUR O. GOTTL,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,

Post Office Building,

LEXINGTON, MASS.

I am prepared to give you as fine watch work as can be had in the State, including adjusting fine watches to heat, cold and isochronism.

ASA COTTRELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Master in Chancery & Notary Public.

Takes acknowledgement of Deeds and affidavits to be used in oaths, and admits to bail in civil and criminal cases.

37 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON.

Next door to Baptist Church, Main Street, in LEXINGTON.

PUBLIC WORSHIP

WITH

Preaching,

Will be held at the

Church in East Lexington,

—ON—

Sunday Afternoons, at 3, p. m.

A. P. SMITH,

Receiver of

Fine Butter

Visit Arlington every Monday. Persons desiring fresh packages of fine butter can be supplied by addressing Box 225, Lexington.

For Sale or to Let.

My house on Hancock Avenue, Lexington, nearly new, and in perfect repair; fixtures and furniture, and an acre of land; convenient to railroad, church and schools. Terms reasonable and payment can be given immediately.

Apply to W. E. CUTTER.

25jun

Woman.

Special Notice.

A Hose House.

The Selectmen are ready to receive sealed proposals for building a new Hose House on the site of the present Highland Hose House. Plans and specifications for the same can be examined at the office of the Town Clerk, between the hours of 8, a. m., and 12, m., and from 3 to 6 o'clock, p. m. Proposals must be handed in on or before Saturday, July 7.

The Selectmen reserve the right to reject any and all bids not deemed for the interest of the town.

HENRY J. LOCKE, Selectmen
S. E. KIMBALL, of
A. W. DAMON, Arlington.
Arlington, June 20, 1883.
25Jun

STATE HOUSE NOTES.

At a meeting of the Executive Council, Tuesday afternoon, the rules were suspended and Mr. Everett A. Stearns, of Boston, was at once confirmed as Railroad Commissioner. He is an engineer on the Fitchburg Railroad, and the President of the Massachusetts Railroad Employees' Association. It is understood that this association was told by Governor Butler that any man they might select would be nominated for the position.

The cool and unruffled demeanor of Capt. Marsh while being cross-examined by the Governor shows what years of experience with cranks will do for a man.

The Legislature has enacted all the bills before it that it will enact, and they are now in the hands of the Governor. If the Legislature runs over into next week it will be due to the dilatoriness of the Executive.

The Senate on Wednesday reconsidered its action of Tuesday and adopted the resolution requesting the Governor to prorogue the Legislature until August 27, to meet at that time to consider the report of the Committee on Charities on the Tewksbury almshouse. This action would seem to be wise from any standpoint. The Legislature which instituted the investigation should pass upon the testimony and consider the recommendations of the committee. Before another Legislature will assemble the facts brought out by the investigation will have ceased to be fresh in the public or legislative mind, and the necessity, if any, for changes will not be so fully realized as it will be by the Legislature which ordered and watched the progress of the investigation. It is said that the Governor will refuse to prorogue the Legislature in accordance with the resolution of the Senate. That has nothing to do with the matter whatever.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William H. Smith and Mary E. B. S. Meserve, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, and that they may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on their bond pursuant to said will and statute.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first Tuesday of July next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And all process servers are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once weekly, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Lexington Minute-man, printed at Lexington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighth day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three.

GEORGE HATCH.
P. O. Box 124, Arlington, Mass.

Fourth of July SALMON.

Order your Salmon for the Fourth of July.

Orders by Postal Card will be promptly filled at Quincy Market prices.

GEORGE HATCH.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of William Smith, late of Lexington, in said County, deceased, Greeting:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William H. Smith and Mary E. B. S. Meserve, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, and that they may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on their bond pursuant to said will and statute.

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P. O. Box 124, Arlington, Mass.

15jun3w J. H. TYLER, Register.

PLUMBING

Properly Planned and

Promptly Performed.

With improved method of ventilation and drainage, by

Wm. Mills & Co.,

237 Washington St., Boston.

Personal attention to work in this vicinity will be given by Edwin Mills. Residence Court St., Arlington.

By James F. C. Hyde, Auctioneer,

19 Milk St., Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale OF REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George A. Black and Ellen A. Black, his wife, in her own right, to George B. Goodwin, dated February 15, 1875, and recorded with the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, libro 1840, folio 195, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage, on the premises, on Tuesday, the tenth day of July, 1883, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the property conveyed by said mortgagee, namely:—A certain parcel of land with all the buildings standing thereon, situated partly in Lexington and partly in Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, and bounded and described as follows, viz.: Beginning at the northeast corner at Adams and North streets, thence running northeasterly on said Adams street fifteen hundred and seventy-four (1574) feet to a certain brook; thence turning and running easterly to a certain point which is about three hundred feet from a certain apple tree; thence turning and running sixty (60) feet to said apple tree; then in an easterly direction than turning and running in a southerly direction along a red path, five hundred and thirty five (535) feet to a red cedar tree near the Lexington and Burlington line; thence westwardly on said North street three hundred and fifty four (354) feet, and two hundred and three (203) feet to Adams street and the point of beginning; said parcel of land contains twenty-three and eight-tenths (23 8/10) acres of land, more or less, according to a plan of same drawn by Alexander W. Ward, and recorded with Middlesex County Recorder, in Book No. 14, Plan No. 2.

For further reference see my deed of January 20th, A. D. 1872, recorded with Middlesex County Recorder, lib. 185, folio 20.

\$200.00 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

OTIS CONANT and

DARIS CONANT,

Assignees and present holders of said Mortgag.

For further information see my deed of January 20th, A. D. 1872, recorded with Middlesex County Recorder, lib. 185, folio 20.

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LIFE'S MIRAGE.

Sad would the salt waves be,
And cold the singing sea,
And dark the gulf that echo to the seven-
stringed lyre.
If things were what they seem,
If life had no fair dream,
No mirage made to tip the dull sea line with
fire.

But on the shores of time,
Hearing the breaker's chime
Falling by night and day along our human
sand,

The poet sits and sees.
Borne on the morning breeze,
The phantom islands float a furlong from
the land.

Content to know them there,
Hung in the shining air,
He trims no foolish sail to win the hopeless
coast.

His vision is enough
To feed his soul with love,
And he who grasps too much may even him-
self be lost.

—Edmund Gosse.

AT SILVER SPRING.

A SUMMER HOTEL EPISODE.

A lady, young, pretty, blonde, sparkled with diamonds as she danced, herself the magnet of all eyes, amidst the music, light and revelry of the August night at Silver Spring. Diamonds twinkled in the fair hair, poised there as a butterfly; diamonds trembled like dewdrops about the snowy throat, and formed a blazing pendant medallion amidst the flowers of the satin corsage; diamonds flashed in the tiny ears and on each dimpled wrist.

"What a lucky fellow Delaunay was to secure such a prize!" said the masculine voice unanimously.

"I wonder she dares to carry such jewels about with her; it is very bad taste to wear them at a hotel hop," was the feminine verdict.

"Professor Horton, do you see the lady with the diamonds?" inquired the colonel, with his soft, good-natured laugh.

"Yes, I see her. What then?" retorted the professor, grimly.

"Oh, nothing at all, only the Silver Spring will be regarded as fashionable resort, what with our new Bellevue hotel and such guests. Next year we shall be able to hold up our heads with Saratoga and Newport if we can add a race-course and club-house, sir."

Here the colonel rubbed his hands together with a gesture which has become traditional with the hotel proprietor of all ages.

"Silly women, decked with diamonds—clubs—race-courses—" echoed Professor Horton, contemptuously. "Our Silver Spring will be ruined by such follies, and all respectable habitues will quit the spot forever. I have been here every season for fifteen years, and—"

"Will come fifteen years more, I hope," interpolated the colonel, adroitly. The fat landlord adjusted the collar which impeded his own rosy face, a countenance most suggestive of the oyster suppers of Silver Spring.

The face of Professor Horton was lean, sallow and dolorous, on the contrary, and was clouded by the discontent of one who has a grievance to lay at the door of circumstance.

"Fiddlesticks!" he retorted, sharply. "I will engage the state apartments of Union hall or the Ocean house sooner than return here. Mrs. Delaunay is the name, eh? Are the diamonds real?"

"Real! They are of the purest water, and cost seventy-five thousand dollars, I am told. She was an heiress, you know, and when she married last year the accumulated interest of her minority was invested in these jewels." Such was the colonel's glib explanation.

"Who is her partner?" pursued the professor.

"Oh, the French Marquis de Ratti. They say he followed Mrs. Delaunay here, after being all about in society at New York and Washington last winter."

"I do not believe in foreign noblemen," grumbled the professor. "They prove to be valets and barbers more often than not."

Professor Horton's benevolent bulbous nose acquired a satirical aspect, his shrewd gray eyes twinkled behind a rim of his spectacles, while his humorous mouth twitched beneath the grizzled beard. He surveyed the animated scene much as a naturalist inspects an insect under a microscope. The Marquis de Ratti was not at all the typical Frenchman in appearance, although well dressed and easy in bearing. He was a large, powerfully built man of uncertain age, with cold light eyes and irregular massive features; his hands and feet were huge, muscular and powerful, despite the sheathing of kid and leather.

"He looks more like a prize-fighter than a gentleman; but perhaps the prize-fighting element is the highest evidence of blood among the nobility," mused this republican spectator. "Humph! I should not care to meet him on a dark night. He might crack my skull like an egg-shell between finger and thumb. Oh, the customs of fashion! That young husband, leaning against the wall, permits the Marquis de Ratti to waltz with his wife, instead of knocking him down for his impudence!"

At this moment a pretty girl appeared behind the professor and the landlord, with round fair face and hair neatly brushed back from the temples, and ingenuous blue eyes. The pretty girl smoothed her neat apron and lowered her eyes demurely as she demand'd, in the softest of voices, "If you please, sir, may I have my tea?"

"Mrs. Delaunay's English maid, Alice," explained the colonel, when he had granted the request.

Why did Professor Horton follow the English maid so young, so gentle and demure, with his eye? He could not tell. He saw her pause outside another window, where the Marquis de

Ratti was taking the air, the dance being over, and it seemed to the observer that the two exchanged a glance, a smile, a swift signal, before the girl disappeared around the corner of the house.

"We only lack the gallantries of noblemen and ladies' maids to complete the ruin of our Silver Spring," muttered this stern moralist, whose ideas were so very old-fashioned. He sought his own chamber gloomily, for in addition to perturbation of mind, owing to having his sylvan retreat invaded by the Philistines of fashion, he was literally brok'n by bodily fatigue. He had rambled many miles that day, botanizing in the valleys, and seeking geological specimens on adjacent hills. His shoes were dusty, his raiment brier-torn, his loose sack-coat freighted with the "rubbish" precious to the savant in the wide external pockets, while rheumatic twinges in knee and back reminded him that he was no longer young, thereby increasing his exasperation. Then to return to a hotel where the world was dancing, and one woman was decked like an idol with seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. The professor's cup of bitterness brimmed over at these reflections. The room was stifling hot, but he lighted his lamp and forced himself to read an extract from Dr. Dollinger, while moths blundered about the flame, frying themselves to a condition of unpleasant crispness, and mosquitoes stung his temples. His watch marked midnight and still the movement of the ballroom and the twang of musical instruments reached his ear, precluding the possibility of sleep.

"Squeak, squeak, fiddles! Boom away, bass viol! Keep it up until morning, by all means. I wonder if that is the music of the future? A-h-h!" Here the listener clinched his teeth, with a truly diabolical expression of countenance, as the violins shuddered over his nervous system, snatched up his broad felt hat and strode out of doors, actuated by the impulse of escape.

The night was sultry and oppressive. The professor breathed a sigh of relief as he quitted the vicinity of the hotel, which sparkled with many lights through the trees like an ogre's eye. Darkness and the obscurity of shrubbery welcomed him abroad at this unusual hour. He strolled about the gravel paths, fanning himself with his hat, and paused beneath the projecting roof of the ornamental kiosque of the Silver Spring.

"There will be a thunderstorm before morning," soliloquized the professor, replacing his hat.

All was deliciously still here, and far below, guarded by the encircling basin, bubbled the Silver Spring, cool and limpid, source of health, as the professor firmly believed. Had not the nymph of the fountain spread her wings in startled flight in the disastrous change from rural tranquillity to a fashionable resort? The professor leaned on the parapet, and peered into the crystal depths of the spring, musing in this vein. As he did so he perceived two persons advancing from opposite directions to meet a few yards distant from himself. They proved to be a man and a woman, and they scarcely paused before separating again with the same rapidity of movement as they had met.

"Wait for me," said the woman. "I shall have to manage to get away at all."

"I will wait until morning," replied the man.

"She is sure to dance to the very last, you know," added the woman.

"Don't lose your head, that's all," admonished the man.

"I lose my head, indeed!" retorted the woman, whose voice and bearing were youthful.

The professor moved slowly away, scarcely heeding these words wafted to his ear by a passing breeze. At an angle of the path was a rustic bench beneath a larch tree, known as Professor Horton's favorite seat. Hither he directed his steps in an irritated mood, and sank down on it in sheer weariness. The scent of flowers reached him, while the foliage seemed to spread above him "fragrant robes of darkness." Grateful repose succeeded noise and light, lulling all his senses to soft oblivion. He fell asleep.

He was awakened by a terrific peal of thunder, and opened his eyes with a bewildered uncertainty as to surrounding objects. The trees swayed wildly in the rising wind; a few large drops of rain fell heavily among the leaves; lightning quivered on the horizon. Suddenly a female form bent over him, some small object was thrust in his hand, and a voice whispered in his ear:

"I was there at 1 o'clock and gave it to you," said a woman.

"A lie! I waited all night and you did not come," said a man.

"I gave it to a person under the tree, and he took it," gasped the woman.

"Fool! Then the game is up. Get yourself dismissed at Newport and cut to New York. If I believed you were tricky, my girl, it would be the worse for you."

There was a sound of footsteps, and immediately afterward the Delaunay carriage rolled away.

The colonel rose to his feet, chuckling at the success of his stratagem.

"Set a thief—a-hem!—I mean a woman to catch a woman. My wife thought of having the English maid sent back in search of a missing bag, in order to give her a chance to communicate with her accomplice in the hotel, if she had one. The bag was dropped in the empty room next to you, for the purpose, and a man joined her there. Your story is amply corroborated, you see, by the few words exchanged."

"I believe the Marquis de Ratti is the accomplice, and no more a Frenchman than you are," exclaimed the professor.

"So do I; but how to prove it?" rejoined the colonel.

"You should have them arrested," urged the professor.

seated on the rustic bench beneath the larch tree! He could not believe the evidence of his own senses; the breath remained suspended on his lips. Was he to believe that his hour had come? There sat his own image on the rustic bench, the soft hat pulled down over the brow, the broad shoulders, the slouching nondescript attire; noting was lacking to complete the resemblance. Was he still a sleep, victim of nightmare, or had he gone mad? He pinched his flesh and rubbed his eyes violently. The figure under the larch tree did not vanish. Swift realization of the truth dawned on the drowsy scholar. He was alone, at a distance from the now silent hotel, and he had in his pocket a bag which belonged to the other. What if this unknown had found him still on the bench? What if he emerged now, accosted the stranger and gave him the bag?

"I should be murdered as sure as there is a heaven above us," shuddered the man of letters, with a conviction for which he could give no reason.

At this juncture the wind freshened, and the rain fell in torrents, while the lightning became less frequent. Professor Horton quitted the larch tree, reached the hotel with surprising agility, found a window of the recent ballroom unfastened, groped his way through that deserted apartment and gained his own chamber. The bag was gone. He had lost it from the wide pocket, probably in his flight. His watch marked 2 o'clock. The professor extinguished his candle, opened the shutters of the window, and seated himself with his eyes fixed on the eastern horizon. He was a prey to the most exciting emotions.

Professor Horton was the first votary of the Silver Spring abroad next morning. If he was feverish and haggard, with a stealthy, even furtive aspect, the boy at the fountain did not notice the circumstance. Always an early riser, the professor sipped a glass of the sparkling water, and then walked along the upper paths of the grounds. Cautiously he skirted the rustic seat beneath the larch tree, and approached the larch. A short, dry laugh of triumph escaped the lips of the usually undemonstrative student. A leather bag, half pouch, lay concealed by the long grass, beneath the spreading boughs. The larch tree had kept its secret well. The bag remained where it had fallen from the professor's wide pocket. He clutched it, returned to his room, and proceeded to investigate the contents. The little bag held the Delaunay diamonds. Necklace, bracelet, butterfly ornament—nothing was lacking in this precious heap swept hastily from cumbrous case and casket.

Five minutes later the rosy landlord was seized by the collar, dragged into his private office, and confronted by Professor Horton, whose agitation verged on sheer lunacy. The latter took from his pocket a little bag and poured out the Delaunay diamonds, telling a wild and incoherent tale meanwhile about a larch tree and midnight ramblings.

"Nobody would believe it, you know," said the colonel, coolly. The hotel proprietor is never surprised in this world.

"Take the trinkets, and restore them in your own way. Do not mention me in the transaction," retorted the professor. He stooped and plunged his fingers once more into the rainbow of precious stones with a sort of intoxication; the starry rays of rose and blue dazzled, blinded him. "Beautiful and fatal gift to man!" he murmured, with parched lips.

The colonel closed one eye, with the aspect of a sagacious bird.

Professor Horton sought his bed and slept heavily until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. He was awakened by voices, and peered through the shutters of his window. A carriage waited to take the Delaunay party to the steamboat on the lake. Mr. and Mrs. Delaunay were already seated, while Alice, the maid, had paused to reply to the head waiter, after which she re-entered the hotel. At this moment Professor Horton's door was opened, and the colonel entered with the bouncing swiftness of movement peculiar to fat men in haste. If the conduct of the professor had been extraordinary in the morning when he had restored the jewels, that of the colonel was not less so in the afternoon. He locked the door, made a warning gesture to the professor, and stole on tiptoe to a second door at the extremity of the large room, where he lay down on the floor and applied eye and ear to the crack. Voices became audible in the adjoining chamber.

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"You should have them arrested," urged the professor.

What is the charge? Your adventures of the night? The noble marquis is caught whispering with a pretty girl? No, no; I gave back the diamonds to Mr. Delaunay—with a suitable explanation—and he has carried them away in a money-belt. We alone know the whole truth."

"And the larch tree," added the professor. "It was the noble larch tree that kept the secret, my friend. Well, well, I hope you are pleased with the fashionable elements attracted to our Silver Spring. Doubtless the Marquis de Ratti and the demure English maid Alice belong to one of those bands of English thieves who are said to keep a map of country seats with reference to the plate chest, and are now trying their fortune in America. How beautiful they were—those diamonds!"

The Marquis de Ratti departed by the 9 o'clock boat that same evening. His foreign accent was never more apparent than when he took leave of Silver Spring.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Summer Diet.

The relaxing effect of the heat is inevitable. The amount of work accomplished falls off of necessity either in quality or quantity, and yet people blindly go on eating indiscriminately and without a limit, except the appetite, as is their habit in cold weather. The engineer who wants half the steam he has been using, lowers the fuel supply, but men and women who need less stimulus from food, because less work is practicable, neglect to change the selection and amount of articles of food, and then wonder that they feel the heat so sensibly and labor with difficulty. Between the heat generated by an excess of food, and the effect of the sun's activities, the body is kept in a temperature which is not only uncomfortable, but dangerous. The appetite is less, but the variety of food which tempts it is unchanged, and the cook remains the most important member of the household, when that artist ought to be conscious that his occupation is somewhat under a cloud, and that the time has come for that plain living and high thinking of which he may have heard. It is a grave thing to face three months of heat. The preparation must be adequate, and the body must be helped to have the odds in its favor, and the light diet is the most direct method of reaching this result. The butchers may suffer, but the fruit and vegetable dealers will have their chance. The festive but destructive pie may disappear for a time, but the thousand trifles in cookery with which the palate is pleased, are in order. Milk, fruit, vegetables and bread will suffice, and meat may be regarded as a relatively occasional resource. The poor may complain that there is no meat to be had, but the wealthy may complain that there is too much meat.

The strike created much excitement in the valley, but outsiders had no faith in the extent of the field or the "lasting" qualities of the sand. Job Moses had, however, and he was content to await events. He held on to his land, and well after well was put down, every one proving to be a good producer. But it was not until 1875 that the persistence and pluck of the pioneer oil operator in the McKean field were crowned with full success.

The wells in the lower field had long ceased to flow, and the supply of oil depended on the pump. The Bradford wells were not only flowing wells, but they flowed month after month without any perceptible decrease in their yield.

The new field could no longer be ridiculed nor ignored, and in 1876-7 that remarkable exodus of operators from all the other oil-fields to Bradford commenced.

In the first three months of 1877 the population of Bradford increased from 300 to 3,500 actual inhabitants, while the transient population—operators coming and going—was at least 10,000.

In March, 1877, the monthly receipts of the Bradford branch of the Erie railway had grown to \$35,000, then more than fulfilling the prophecy of Job Moses, made fourteen years before. Over \$100,000,000 came into the Bradford field in four years, and all other fields were nearly deserted. And Moses had his reward. The fortune he had spent in demonstrating to the incredulous and scoffing community that there was oil in the Tunungawant valley and all the hills about was returned to him a hundred-fold. Satisfied with the results of his twenty years' labors in the region, he sold the 7,000 acres of land he still held, and all his other property at about limestone, which place he selected as his residence early in the history of the field, and taken up his residence in New York.

The great oil-field, to the development of which his efforts directly led, has been rapidly declining for a year and more past. There is no more new territory to drill, and the old wells are not averaging more than four barrels a day, and most of them are pumped at that. Many of them have failed entirely, and the production of the whole district cannot be more than 35,000 barrels a day. But there are stored in the tanks of the oil regions over 34,000,000 barrels of petroleum, surplus production, of which probably eight tenths came from the west of the northern field.

Bradford, however, will continue to be a prosperous city even after the oil supply is entirely exhausted, for industries and business enterprises have been founded there which do not depend on oil traffic and operations for their existence, and there are vast coal and lumber districts yet to be developed.

The perseverance of Job Moses anticipated the growth and prosperity of the entire northwestern boundary of Pennsylvania at least twenty years.—*New York Times.*

Wastefulness of Nature.

Life is sown broadcast, only to be followed almost immediately by a destruction nearly as sweeping. Nature creates by the million, apparently that she may destroy by the myriad. She gives life one instant, only that she may snatch it away the next. The main difference is, that that the higher we ascend, the less lavish the creation, and the less sweeping the destruction. Thus, while probably but one fish in a thousand reaches maturity

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

A Pickle for Eggs.

There is no better pickle for eggs than that in common use by egg dealers. It is made as follows: A quantity of fresh stone-lime in the proportion of one peck to a barrel of water is first slaked with cold water to a smooth paste in the usual manner. Water is then added and the whole is stirred until a thin, creamy fluid is made. The eggs are packed, if in small quantities, in tubs, pails or jars, and the "milk of lime," as it is called, is poured over to cover them. A cloth is laid over the top close around the edges, and is covered with the thick paste of lime, which settles to the bottom. This seals the jar from the air, and it should always be kept covered with water, as evaporation reduces the quantity. In a large way brick vats are used, and the eggs are moved in and out with a large wire draining scoop, and are washed and dried in lath crates or baskets over tubs or sinks.

Clean Stables.

There is possibly no more repulsive sight than a dirty cow stable, and one in which dairy cattle are housed is especially offensive. It has been demonstrated that cows neglected in this respect fail to yield a perfect flow of milk, and it is reasonable to suppose that such is the case. The richest of food may be given to them, but if their condition in the stall be neglected they will not thrive. The foul odor of a filthy stable must necessarily permeate not only the animal's hide, but it has been proven that the meat of stall-fed steers fattened under these circumstances is unwholesome; moreover, the milk, even during the period of milking, is liable to absorb the filthy emanations from such stables and to become absolutely poisonous. It would seem, therefore, reasonable that owners and dealers in cattle and milk should appreciate the importance of cleanliness and its relation to health, even as a source of profit.—*The Sanitarian*.

Cultivating Apples.

A writer in a Virginia paper devoted to farming interests says: How much improvement has been made upon the apple for the last forty years? I think I am safe in saying less than in any other department either of agriculture or horticulture; in fact, the leading apple to-day is the leading apple then, only growing poorer as it gets farther from the parent stock. Having had considerable experience in grafting, I have observed the farther you get from the original stock the poorer the quality as to keeping, size and taste. In fact I can show specimens of different kinds become very near in kind to the last stock grafted on, and why should they not, grafted in the haphazard way it is done? For instance, take two small scions of a delicate, sweet variety, and graft them into a nearly sour stock, and you might as well expect a ruff stock bred from scraggs and thoroughbreds. In many cases I find the Greening and Baldwin poor keepers, and not near up to the original specimen in size, beauty or flavor; but the causes, I think, are easily remedied.

In the first place, do not take trees from a rich garden soil that have a large tender growth and expect them to do well on some poor, worn-out side hill; rather give your money to the poor, when you may not be disappointed. The only true way I can see for improvement is to get trees, if possible, grown on soil like that on which they are to stand, and grow them thick enough so that when they get sufficient growth to commence bearing you can select out the different kinds and graft the sweet into stock of the same kind and sour the sour, keeping in view size, quality, etc. Graft the late or keeping qualities on the same kind and early on the early. In this way the stock can be improved; you can have an orchard in bearing sooner; your trees will grow up adapted to the soil and climate, and give better satisfaction in every way.

To verify my statements, I will take the Pound Sweeting. I can show on two trees standing near together, the scions taken from the same tree, one very sweet and the other a decided sour. Again, I can show the same apple that rots before it falls from the tree, and others that will keep until next June; and trees that bear large and fair specimens, while others poor and small.

Farm and Garden Notes.

See to it if you would have healthy hogs that they are never without salt and charcoal.

Beans will ripen sooner if planted rather thickly; about an inch apart in the row is the proper distance.

A farmer who makes a great deal of butter asks what shall be done with the sour milk. Feed it to turkeys, chickens and pigs, or if you keep none of these, make it into cottage cheese.

Cabbage and other plants intended for the garden should be transplanted once and their leaves shortened before being finally set out. This makes them stocky. A second removal does not injure them.

Oats and barley should be rolled when they are three or four inches high, especially if the weather is very warm and dry. The roller checks the too rapid growth caused by the warm weather and promotes tillering at the roots.

Hoeing and the frequent stirring of the surface of the soil, are important in dry weather. Those parts of the garden that are most constantly cultivated show the best results. Corn will stand almost any drought if the soil around the hills be frequently stirred.

Cut worms are often destructive to young cabbage plants. A paper wrapped around the stem, extending two inches above the surface, will prevent their work. Better still, if prac-

ticable, plant the cabbage patch in some place not infected by these pests.

To secure hens for profitable laying, cross a large and a small breed together. It is better if the male be of the small breed. If breeding is continued from the same fowls a subsequent year, it is then desirable to get the male from a large breed, and thus alternate each year.

Professor Shelton, of the Kansas State agricultural college, holds that the cultivation of such crops as broomcorn, hemp, flax, and perhaps castor-beans, which furnish but little if any stock feed, will ultimately lead to serious consequences in the loss of fertility sustained by the lands so cultivated.

A great many fields, especially those long and narrow, are always plowed the same way. Simply changing the direction of working will often make a great increase in productiveness. The furrow cut across the old lines of furrows is not stopped by the same stones, while new soil is opened to the growth of plant roots.

As soon as the early crop of potatoes has been harvested you may plant sunflowers. Put the seeds in twelve inches apart each way, and when they are a foot high earth them up and they will need no further care. If you keep bees the blossoms will be valuable, while the seeds are excellent for poultry and are in demand for making toilet soap.

Experiments recently made in Europe with a view to ascertaining the best method of preserving manure show that manure allowed to accumulate under cattle three months or more in specially constructed deep stalls was found in every case, as compared with that of ordinary manure heaps, in a more workable condition to keep the ammoniacal salts better preserved and the useful ingredients in greater proportions.

One of the most satisfactory methods of growing young vegetable or flower plants is to plant one seed in a half egg-shell or in a hollowed piece of turnip or beet filled with a little earth. The plants can be transplanted by simply breaking the shell, or if in turnips, the receptacle will rot away, supplying nutrient to the plant. This practice is followed to a considerable extent among small gardeners. Plants grown in this manner are sure to live when transplanted.

A noted horticulturist once said that if he could have but one way of applying water to plants he should prefer to apply it to the leaves. It is frequently observed that plants endure dry weather better if water is applied freely to the foliage, than they do if watered entirely through the ground. The explanation of this fact is obvious. Transpiration or evaporation takes place through the leaves. This evaporation is checked by the application of water to the leaves, causing the plant to make greater use of the moisture it obtains from the soil.

Recipes.

SOUP WITH POACHED EGGS.—Poach some eggs—one for each person, and one over—in salted water, with a little vinegar, some peppercorns, and a few leaves of parsley in a shallow pan, just long enough to set the yolks slightly; take out each egg with a slice, brush it clean with a paste brush, and cut it with a round, fluted paste cutter, about two inches in diameter, so as to get all the eggs in uniform shape, and leaving neither too much nor too little white around them. Turn the egg over carefully, brush it clean, and lay it in the soup-tureen, ready filled with boiling hot, clear jelly broth. The water in which the eggs are poached should be kept at boiling point, but never boil.

BREADCRUMB PUDDING.—Make breadcrumbs by rubbing the crumbs of a stale loaf through a fine wire sieve: put a pint of milk and an ounce of fresh butter into a saucepan on the fire, with sugar to taste, and the thin rind of a lemon, cut, if possible, in one piece; when the milk boils strew breadcrumbs into it until a thick porridge is obtained; turn it out into a basin. When cold remove the lemon rind, and stir in one by one the yolks of four eggs, mix well, then stir in the whites of two eggs beaten up to a stiff froth, and a small quantity of candied citron peel cut very thin. Have a plain mold buttered and breadcrumbed very carefully all over, pour the composition into it, and bake it about half an hour. Serve cold with a compote of any fruit round it.

GRAPE JELLY.—Cut the grapes before they are too ripe, as they become watery then, but they must be ripe enough to have a good flavor, or the jelly will be very acid; pick each grape from the stem, and do not use green or wilted ones; put them over the fire in a porcelain-lined kettle, not a brass one, and let them boil up, mashing them well; then strain the juice and measure it, putting it back on the fire, and let it boil thirty or forty minutes; to each pint of juice allow a pound of crushed sugar, which put in the upper oven of the range to warm; when the juice has boiled the time mentioned add the heated sugar, and stir until all is dissolved; then boil ten minutes and test it; if it drops from the spoon thick it is done. It is very uncertain as to time, therefore difficult to give an exact rule, but should not be boiled more than twenty-five minutes or it loses its color and flavor.

Household Hints.

To clean raisins, wipe them with a dry towel. Never wash them, for it will make cakes or puddings heavy. Corn husks, braided, make serviceable and handsome mats. The braids to be sewed with sack-needle and twine.

A flannel cloth dipped in warm soap ash, then into whiting, and applied to paint, will instantly remove all grease.

Cabbage is made digestible by first pickling, and then putting in boiling

water, with a pinch of soda and some salt, and boiling just fifteen minutes.

A porcelain-lined kettle that will no longer serve for fruit is just the thing for the corn loaf. A three or four-quart fruit can answers well the same purpose.

To take ink spots out of linen, dip the ink spot in pure melted tallow, then wash out the tallow and the ink will come out with it. This is said to be unfailing.

The Longstone.

In the parish of St. Maynb, in East Cornwall, England, and on the high road from Bodmin to Camelot, is a group of houses (one of them a smith's shop) known by the name of Longstone. The curious traveler passing by inquires the reason d' être of such a name, for there is no tall monolith, such as are not uncommon in Cornwall, to be seen near it. The reason is given by *Notes and Queries*:

In lack of records I may say "in the days of King Arthur there lived in Cornwall" a smith. The smith was a keen fellow, who made and mended the plows and harrows, and shod the horses of his neighbors, and was generally serviceable. He had also great skill in farriery and in the general management and care of sick cattle. He could also extract the stubborn tooth, even if the jaw resisted and some gyrations around the anvil were required.

There seems ever to have been ill blood between devil and smith, teste Lunstan and others, and so it was between the fiend and the smith farrier-dentist of St. Maynb. At night there were many and fierce disputes between them in the smithy. The smith, as the rustics tell, always got the advantage of his adversary, and gave him better than he brought. This success, however, only fretted old Nick and spurred him on to further encounter.

What the exact matter of controversy on this particular occasion was is not remembered, but it was agreed to settle it by some wager, some trial of strength and skill. A two-acre field was near, and the smith challenged the devil to the reaping of each his acre in the shortest time. The match came off, and the devil was beaten, for the smith had beforehand skillfully stuck here and there over his opponent's acre some harrow tines, or teeth.

The two started well, but soon the strong swing of the fiend's scythe was being brought up frequently by some obstruction, and as frequently required the whitestone. The dexterous and agile smith went on smoothly with his acre, and was soon unmistakably gaining. The devil, enraged at his certain discomfiture, hurled his whitestone at his rival and flew off. The whitestone, thrown with great violence, after sundry whirls into the air, fell upright into the soil to a great depth, and there remained a witness against the evil one for many ages. The devil avoided the neighborhood while it stood. In an evil hour the farmer at Treble-thick set his heart upon the Longstone, for there were gate posts and door posts to be had out of it, and he threw it down. That night the enemy returned, and has haunted the neighborhood ever since.

One Way of Getting Married.

When a man in decent rank of life in India wishes to marry, and can prove he possesses the means of maintaining a wife, it is customary for him to apply to the mistress of the Byculla school, state his wishes and qualifications, and inquire into the number and character of the marriageable girls. An investigation immediately follows as to his eligibility, and if all promises satisfactorily, he is forthwith invited to take tea with the schoolmistress upon an appointed evening, to give him an opportunity of making his selection. The elder girls are then informed of his intended visit, and of its purport, and those who desire to enter the matrimonial lists come forward and signify their wish to join the party.

Frequently four or five competitors make their appearance on these occasions in the mistress' room. The gentleman, while doing his best to make himself agreeable, yet contrives in the course of the evening to mark his preference for one particular lady. Should these symptoms of budding affection be favorably received, he tends his proposal in due form on the following morning. But it often occurs the selected lady does not participate in the inamorata's sudden flame, in which case she is at perfect liberty to decline the honor of his alliance, and reserve herself for the next tea-party exhibition.

One-Sided.

When at school we made the acquaintance of a young Frenchman, who was nervously anxious to learn the idioms of our language. He used excellent English in conversation, and was greatly pleased when he heard a new expression, which he was sure to treasure up and give as his own at the earliest opportunity.

He one day heard a friend characterize another person as "two-faced." After inquiring what the meaning of the expression was, he stored the epithet away for future use. He frequently took part in our society debates, and always spoke with spirit and not a little pathos. At a meeting of the society not long after, in the midst of a speech he found an opportunity to use the new compound word. But in the excitement of the debate his memory did not stand by him as it would if he had been less nervous. This is what he said:

"If there sees anything I detect, sir, it sees a two-sided man! And I fervently hope, sir, I may continue one-sided to the end of my days."

The laugh of his associates revealed to him the fact that he had blundered, and an explanation did not relieve his mortification.—*Youth's Companion*.

A TERRIBLE AVALANCHE.

MORROWS OF A SUDDEN SNOWSLIDE IN ARMENIA.

A Mountain of Snow Precipitated Upon a Village—Fifty-Nine Persons Losing Their Lives—Snow Fifty Feet High.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press describes a journey which he took from Van in Turkey to the village of Shandalen in Armenia, fifty miles distant, the scene of a terrible snowslide last March. We take up his story from the time he arrived at Shandalen:

Arriving, at length, at our journey's end, we began to realize a little the severity of the accident that has occurred, but of which only the seeing and hearing on the spot can enable one to form an accurate idea. Since leaving the top of the pass we have descended more than 2,000 feet, but we find the situation of the village exceedingly wild and romantic. It is built at a point where another branch of the Tigris converges with the one we have followed. Even here the space between the mountains available for buildings is not more than 400 or 500 feet, and the houses are built as closely together as possible, and in such a peculiar fashion that the roofs of the first story form the streets that are most used, being connected with others by bridges over the narrow lower streets, now mostly filled with snow. The comparatively few second story rooms rise above these roof streets. As you stand and look about you the mountains rise in majestic grandeur on every side; here a blank perpendicular wall of rock; there a steep mountain side where a few trees, perhaps, find standing room, and you feel as if shut out from all the world. It was down this steep ravine, beginning from a point some three miles away, that the avalanche swept, leaving destruction in its path.

After two or three days of steady snowfall the people of the village were cheered by the bright shining forth of the northern sun. Until 10 o'clock on this warm day they were busy about their usual avocations, when they were suddenly startled by a noise like the firing of 100 cannon. Simultaneously the bright sun was overwhelmed, while the inhabitants of one end of the village found great trees crashing in upon them and their houses falling a'out their heads. The people of the south end of the village, as they were able to come forth, which, for some minutes they could not do, the great pressure from without making the opening of doors impossible, found several inches of snow on their roofs, but the north end was buried under a mountain of snow. Along the hither edge of this snowy mountain one and another were seen to be wholly or partially buried, and the affrighted survivors set to work to extricate them from their peril. About 100 persons were thus taken out alive, but under that debris were buried fifty-nine souls, destined never more to see the light of day. From the house thus swept away a few of the people were absent at work; some happened to be at other houses, and quite a number of children were at school. These were soon wailing in agony over the loss of those most dear to them. The scenes of that day beggar description. To-day I have been over this scene of ruin. The snow, which was piled fifty feet high, above the river, and for two hours blocked its course, has now most melted away, and one can judge a little of what really happened. The first and greatest mischief was not from the snow itself, but from the violence of the wind, it forced before it. Great trees that had stood the tempests for scores of years, torn up by their roots, their boughs wrenched away, and large trunks often broken off or twisted into kindling-wood, just as a cyclone treats its victims, had been brought fifty or one hundred rods and strewn in wild ruins upon and among the houses and in the bed of the river and on the bank beyond, and then snow had been piled upon them. It was the cloud of snow thus tossed into the heavens and carried for a half mile or more by this terrible wind that darkened the sun at midday. Such a powerful wind is said not to be a usual accompaniment of avalanches here. The explanation given is that the snow was light and fresh, not compacted as is usual, and so, rising in a column, it pressed the air of the narrow valley before it with irresistible force.

I have been to the graveyard and seen where fifty-seven victims are sleeping together in a common grave. One victim was a Turk, buried elsewhere, and one woman, the wife of the village priest, who had gone to the spring for water has not yet been found. At one end, a little by themselves, lie the daughter of another priest, thirteen years of age, and the young husband to whom she had been wedded but three days before. One woman and child were rescued alive after they had remained three days buried, and doubtless many died by inches who might have been saved could they have been found earlier.

Emperor Maximilian's Wife.

The ex-Empress Charlotte of Mexico, sister of the king of the Belgians, is in a much more tranquil state of mind than formerly. Her splendid black hair has whitened, but her health is good, and she has recovered from her attack of madness which followed her being told of the execution of Maximilian. She is very fond of music, spending many hours in playing duets with one of her ladies of honor, and also shows much interest in her garden. When the weather is fine she walks a great deal in the park surrounding her Chateau de Boucambert, and plays with a dog which the queen of the Belgians one day rescued from some boys who were tormenting it, and gave to her sister-in-law.

Will Man Ever Be Able to Conquer Storms?

Violent displays of natural force, says the London Standard, are painfully hostile to human progress. If the valley of the Thames were frequently racked by earthquakes, London would be an impossibility. A very slight tremor would tilt the Egyptian obelisk into the Thames and topple down St. Paul's cathedral. A volcano in Middlesex would lower the quotas for government securities and seriously diminish the rateable value of the metropolis. For prosperity there must be peace, especially with the powers of nature.

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BELMONT'S STRAWBERRY SHOW.

It was our privilege to visit Belmont Town Hall, Thursday afternoon, and there witness what a competent judge was pleased to call "the best strawberry show ever given in this State." The display was spread on one long table, handsomely set off with flowers, and certainly it was a rare sight. The principal display was by Mr. Samuel Barnard, showing twenty baskets of fruit and being awarded ten different prizes,—for largest exhibit, best three quarts, best Sharpless, best Champion, etc., and some minor prizes. Mr. Warren Heustis took first prize with the "Belmont" berry, a new seedling of his own, and was awarded second prize for other berries. Mr. Sylvester C. Frost also made a good show and was awarded a prize. The special prizes offered by Faneuil Hall Market were awarded to Messrs. Barnard, Heustis, and C. W. Winn, in the order named. The display that provoked more comment and attention than any other was the "Strawberry of our Daddies," shown by Mrs. W. J. Underwood. The old people gathered around them and rehearsed the story of the development of the strawberry culture. The other exhibitors, all of them with fine displays, were Conrad Motree, of Arlington, C. E. Chenery, J. O. Wellington, Albert Patterson, Edwin Locke, Martin O'Brien, Chas. McGinness, Geo. V. Fletcher, M. W. Marsh, W. H. Locke, T. L. Creeley, G. H. Chenery, all of Belmont. Two boxes of magnificent roses (some twenty varieties) were placed on the table by Mr. Warren Heustis, and were the observed of all observers. There was a festival in the evening, when the berries were disposed of and some hours spent in a social dance to the music of the Cadet band.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, whose seventieth birthday was celebrated in Brooklyn during the past week, is certainly a marvel of physical and intellectual vigor for a man of three-score-and-ten. His career has not only been one of exceptional brilliancy, but it has been marked by wonderful industry in a wide range of occupations. For almost half a century Mr. Beecher has enjoyed more than a local reputation as a pastor, a lecturer, a miscellaneous writer and an after-dinner speaker, and the extent of his labors in all his varied employments is not equaled, perhaps, by the achievements of any other American. The health of Mr. Beecher seems still unimpaired, and as he comes from a family distinguished for its vitality, he may reach an age ten or twenty years beyond the traditional limit of human life. When the time shall have come for making up the record of his life, we believe that the verdict of public opinion will be that he has been as good as great, that he has had a large heart and a wise head, that he has been an earnest advocate of the truth as he conceived it, an undismayed enemy of every form of wrong, an unflinching champion of the oppressed and downtrodden everywhere, and an uncompromising advocate of great reforms, and that for himself there will be little occasion for that mantle of charity which he has ever been so ready, in the warmth of his human love and sympathy, to throw over the faults of others.

Friends of Christian work for the people, both laymen and clergymen of different denominations, have arranged a series of interesting gospel meetings for every evening during July and August, excepting July 4. By a unanimous vote an invitation has been extended to the Boston Young Men's Christian Association to take charge of these services. Mr. Moody has kindly consented to open the series by preaching in Music Hall, next Sunday evening. After that the meetings will hold continuously in the Windsor Theatre.

Gov. Butler's address at the Harvard College Alumni dinner was in excellent taste and won for him generous and hearty rounds of applause from the assembled throng far different from his greeting on arriving at the college grounds. He graciously and gallantly represented the Commonwealth in all he said.

If the people of Lynn regard their water bill as an acquisition they should give chief credit to Representative Parker for getting it through. He has worked for it with rare persistency, sticking to it when there really seemed to be no chance for its enactment. Boston Journal.

ROSES AND STRAWBERRIES.

There is a happy blending of the richness of flowers and fruits in the announcement of the Annual Rose and Strawberry Show under the auspices of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, bringing together as it invariably does the best that the season affords in fragrance and flavor. The exhibit at Horticultural Hall, from 1 to 9, P. M., last Tuesday, vied with the best of its predecessors in merit. The upper hall was occupied by the flowers and vegetables, and the lower by strawberries and a few other fruits. In the floral department the rose demonstration was naturally the most striking feature, and in this the point of central interest was the display made by Mr. J. B. Moore with which, for the second time, he won the silver vase for the best twenty-four hardy perpetual roses of distinct varieties. Large displays in this connection were also made by Warren Heustis, of Belmont. The collections by B. G. Smith and Hon. F. B. Hayes were very fine, as was the display of cut roses by Norton Brothers, J. S. Richards, Hon. F. B. Hayes and others. When the eye had been sated with the wealth of rose petals as they have been artificially transformed from stains, it was a pleasure to note the tasteful stands of wild roses as shown by Mr. Frank Forbes, revealing in perfection the symmetry and simplicity of nature. The display of roses by Messrs. Ellwanger & Barry, the great rose growers of Rochester, N. Y., attracted attention both on the score of the large number of varieties and the excellent character of the roses. They labored under the great disadvantage of bringing their roses from Rochester, and as it was quite a warm day when they were cut, their freshness was somewhat impaired. They received high commendation for their effort and their labor in coming to Boston to compete with skilled rosarians of this vicinity. One of the most interesting things to be noted in this collection was the success manifested in bringing forth seedlings from European varieties. On the platform was a splendid specimen of a yucca, exhibited by President F. B. Hayes, and on either side were gloxinias from J. B. Moore, and greenhouse flowering plants from Hovey & Co. The showing of orchids by F. L. Ames was, as usual, fine, and this was happily supplemented by the exhibits of H. H. Hunnewell and R. W. Pratt. Very pretty groups of moss roses were shown by J. B. Moore and W. H. Spooner, and of tea roses by Mrs. E. M. Gill. The strawberries were good in variety and quality, the most remarkable in size being the monster Sharpless, for which Warren Heustis was awarded the silver cup. A rival to these in size was the Jersey Queen. The favorite Downing, Wilder's Juncunda and kindred varieties were also much admired.

The Boston Globe of Monday morning contained the following in regard to a well known and highly respected citizen of Arlington:—

"At the Hanover Street Chapel, yesterday morning, Rev. Edw. J. Gerry preached his farewell sermon to a large congregation. The speaker took for his text, Acts xx. 32. The speaker treated of the work of the Apostle Paul and the success that attended him at Ephesus, how it had aroused the jealousy of Demetrius as manufacturer and dealer in silver shrines used in the heathen temple worship of Diana, and how on account of this opposition he was compelled to move from place to place, and finally reached Miletus, where he preached his farewell sermon, of which the words of the text form a part. The speaker then read from that sermon, reviewed his own work in the chapel during the last twenty-five years, and stated that he wished himself at liberty to address them as St. Paul had addressed the Ephesians. He referred to the sermons he had preached, and stated that while he was a Unitarian he had always tried to be faithful to their spiritual interests by presenting for their consideration the just principles of Christianity. He referred to the Sunday school and those who had been connected with him therein, and said that while part of every Sunday had been set apart for religious instruction, he had tried to make all feel that this was a pleasant Christian home for the children. He acknowledged his and their indebtedness to Messrs. J. F. Dutton, C. R. Elliot, B. R. Buckley and J. C. Jaynes, former superintendents, and to all the teachers and helpers in the school. He gave his thanks to the clergy and laymen of other religious denominations holding worship in this part of the city, and referred to the uniform and universal kindness by which he had been received by them all, and closed with the following: For twenty-five years I have gone in and out before you, and they have been the happiest years of my life. I can never forget your kindness to me and my family. The best part of my life has been given to you and I do not repeat it; and now, brethren, I command you to God and to his grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all those that are sanctified. Let me close by bidding you all an affectionate farewell."

If the people of Lynn regard their water bill as an acquisition they should give chief credit to Representative Parker for getting it through. He has worked for it with rare persistency, sticking to it when there really seemed to be no chance for its enactment. Boston Journal.

COTTING HIGH SCHOOL.

Another school year has closed and the graduation exercises of '83 are over. As we review them, words of warm congratulation flow naturally with our thoughts and we offer them without stint to Mr. Clay, his assistants, the class of '83, the music teacher and to all connected with the exercises in Arlington Town Hall, last Tuesday evening. The decorations were unusually fine, consisting of heavy evergreen draperies from the clock to gas jets; the class motto, "Facta, non Dicta," and "83" in evergreen letters above and below the same; cross and anchor on either side of the platform; floral baskets pendant from chandeliers; a wealth of wreaths, bouquets and baskets of flowers in other positions. The exercises opened with a four-hand march by Mr. Marshall and Miss Jennie Sprague and a chorus by the school. The salutatory, in Latin, was by James A. Bailey, Jr., and its rendering won a hearty round of applause, his tone and manner pleasing all though all might not quite translate the same. The second part was by Miss Nellie Marston, showing a careful study of the great poet Tasso, and her rendering of a poetical selection added to the effect of her well written essay. The essay, "A Piece of Coal," by Miss Angie E. Wellington, which was next in the list, was listened to with marked attention, and as the author went forward with her rendering, the audience grew almost impatient with its desire to show appreciation, and the conclusion was greeted with loud and long-continued applause more hearty than that accorded any other of the class. The essay was a strong and well written production. The Greek dialogue introduced Messrs. Bailey and Hurley with Miss Farmer, and formed an interesting feature. Miss Nellie A. Crane's "History in Song" was a pleasant grouping of the various steps of progress as shown in the songs of this country, and her introduction of familiar lines was most happy. Mr. Edward C. Mason read an essay on "Success," showing in what it consisted, and how it might be attained, closing with the sentiment, "He is most successful who contributes most to the sum of human happiness." He spoke easily and well, and was heartily applauded. Miss Kate Green's part in the exercise was a declamation, consisting of a burlesque on "The Concord School of Philosophy," which the audience thoroughly enjoyed. This was followed with a French dialogue between Misses Green, Marston, Lawrence and Crane, conducted by Mr. Daniel B. Hurley, and the whole scene developed a neat bit of acting on the part of all. Mr. James A. Bailey's oration, "Progress of Liberty," was a strong piece of declamation, revealing good parts in this direction. The annual class prophecy took the form on this occasion of "An Old Woman's Story," by Miss M. Carrie Lawrence, and this we produce entire.

AN OLD WOMAN'S STORY.

'Tis nineteen hundred and thirty-five,
And the wonder is that I'm still alive.
To tell the story you ask of me,
Of the graduates of eighty-three.
Let's see—'tis five and fifty years come fall,
Since we met together, fifteen in all,
And took our places, with hearts of pride,
In our three straight rows on the Junior side.
Perhaps, at first, you'd like me to tell
Of the old school house, we loved so well.
The building was poor and the wind blew in,
But that was thought good for our discipline.
If the chairs were hard, the reason was plain,
For every good must be bought with pain.
And our elders said, 'twas good enough,
Better than they had, and 'would make us tough.
So we worked away through the junior year,
With right good will and hearty cheer.
When the Middle year came we were only nine,
For the others had left us, one at a time;
This is the point where our paths divide,
And four then took the classical side.
While the rest of us stuck to our mother tongue,
And the changes on English and Science rung.
Ah, those were happy, happy years,
And the remembrance now brings many tears.
Forgive them I pray from a woman old,
And listen with patience till my tale is told.
And now I must tell of the Senior year,
Of the many things I want you to hear,
For we felt that every eye in the nation
Was bent to see our graduation.
I remember well through all these years,
Of the troubles and worries, hopes and fears,
That tried our souls at that distant date,
When we were preparing to graduate.
The first class-meeting was a solemn occasion,
We thought 'twould decide the fate of the nation.
And let me here at once explain,
Economy was our earnest aim.
We resolved to tell all those things go,
Which increased expense and were only for show,
For committee, teachers, and many a friend
Had urged us in this an example to lead.
The ring w'ch chose was a wide, flat band—
Yes, that is the one on my left hand.
But I've worn it so long, it's grown quite thin.
Ever been broken? Yes, time and again.
We thought it handsome in its day,
But like myself is wearing away.
We decided, too, there should be no flowers,
Which was another reform of ours;
And had it printed, in letters fine
On our card, in plain view, near the bottom line.
In discussing the question of what we should wear,
We had plenty of talk, and some to spare,
But at last we decided it was best
To dress as each chose, ignoring the rest.
And the people said, we looked very well,
But as to that, I'm sure I can't tell.
At the end of it all our friends were received,
And we felt very gay of all duties relieved.
I can even now feel the thrill of delight
In the morn'g of that joyous night.
What dances! what pleasures! our hearts beat
high
As the happy hours of night drew by.
At length we were forced our adieu to say,
To meet no more in the old time way.
And what has become of them now? you ask.
Ah, to answer that's a difficult task;
But I'll try and tell you all I know,
So don't be impatient, if I am slow.
Let's see—

There were James and Daniel, Angie and Sam,
These Nellies and Ned, now that is eight;
And then myself—that makes just nine;
Don't you see how well they rhyme?
Daniel, our grave and worthy sonnet,
Holds good position in church and state.
While Ned got through college notwithstanding well,
And is doctor of what, I can now I can't tell.
Our sensible Kate, so jolly and gay,

MARRIAGES.

The July number of the "Wide Awake" comes to us so late this week we have not time or space to give it the notice it deserves. It is a splendid number and we would that all our young friends were regular subscribers to it. It is rich in artistic pictures, strong in editorials and stories, and attractive in a hundred ways to young people. Send for specimen number to D. Lathrop & Co., Boston. The subscription is only \$2.50 a year.

MARRIAGES.

In Andover, June 28th, by Rev. Edward G. Porter, of Lexington, Rev. Charles L. Merriam of Kingston, and Miss Alice P. Davis, formerly of Lexington.

DEATHS.

In Bedford, N. H., June 25th, Miss Mary A. Moore, aged 65 years, 5 months.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

MIDDLESEX, 88.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Cairn Robbins, late of Lexington, in said County, deceased,

Greeting:

WHEREAS,

a certain instrument purporting

to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Samuel B. Moore, who bears the letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on his bond pursuant to said will and statute. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, at o'clock, to-morrow noon, to show cause if any you have against the will and testament of said deceased, and to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Lexington Minuteman, the last publication to be two days at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire,

Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

29Jun3W

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

MIDDLESEX, 88.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary Annis Moore, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased,

Greeting:

WHEREAS,

a certain instrument purporting

to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Samuel B. Moore, who bears the letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, at o'clock, to-morrow noon, to show cause if any you have against granting the same. And the said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Arlington Advocate, the last publication to be two days at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire,

Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

15Jun3W

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

MIDDLESEX, 88.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Roxie Brooks, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased,

Greeting:

WHEREAS,

an application has been made to

said Court, to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to Henry Mott, of Arlington, in the County of Middlesex. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of July, next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause if any you have against granting the same. And the said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Arlington Advocate, the last publication to be two days at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire,

Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

15Jun3W

HOUSE TO LET IN LEXINGTON.

Containing seven rooms. Pleasantly situated on Main Street.

Enquire of

29Jun3W

ASA COTRELL.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, 88.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary Annis Moore, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased,

Greeting:

WHEREAS,

Temperance Department.

No thoughtful and observant man denies that excessive drinking is injurious to health and destructive of life; but many moderate drinkers have an insane idea that health is preserved and life is prolonged by temperate and carefully regulated indulgence in some favorite alcoholic beverage. Upon this deceptive and treacherous rock thousands are wrecked, despoiled and lost. If we may believe the testimony of hundreds of the best physicians of Europe and America, to say nothing of our daily observation, a large proportion of the diseases which afflict humanity are caused by the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage.

The National Dispensary says: "Alcohol is used very much less than it was half a century ago; and before another half century has expired, nearly if not all diseases will be treated with natural and innocuous remedies."

Most drinkers are of the opinion that alcoholic liquors are stimulating and give new strength to the system. This is a mistake. Alcohol, by some eminent physiological authorities, is claimed to be an irritant and not a stimulant.

Because a man can lift a heavier burden, walk faster, or write with more facility after he has taken his glass of wine or whiskey, there is no proof that he has more strength of body or mind; he has simply drawn upon his reserved force and vitality. The tired horse derives no additional strength from the whip, but is only goaded to greater endeavor, to be soon followed by increased fatigue.

A mother sees her child in jeopardy, and rushes to its rescue with the strength of a lioness; but having saved it, she falls to the ground exhausted, and perhaps insensible. The fright had not given her additional strength; it had called into action her reserved force, and left her in perfect weakness.

A glass of wine or whiskey may appear to increase the strength, warm the blood, and cheer the heart of the drinker, but the victim soon finds himself weaker and more depressed than before taking the drink; then he seeks relief by a larger quantity, and so goes on from day to day, increasing his potations until his reserved force is exhausted, and he sinks into helpless drunkenness. But a vast army of moderate drinkers are cut off by various diseases before they become confirmed inebriates. The habitual use of alcohol, however moderate, poisons the blood, and irritates some vital organ to disease, although on this point medical writers differ. Nearly all medical writers include among the various causes of the most fatal diseases, the use of alcohol.

As the wind finds its way through the smallest crevice, so does alcohol find an attraction to the weakest organ of the human body.

Dr. Thomas Sewall, of the Columbia Medical College, Washington, D. C., said: "But time would fail me were I to attempt an account of half of the pathology of drunkenness. Dyspepsia, jaundice, emaciation, corpulence, dropsy, ulcers, rheumatism, gout, tremors, palpitation, hysteria, epilepsy, palsy, lethargy, apoplexy, melancholy, madness, premature old age, and delirium tremens, compose but a small part of the catalogue of the diseases produced by alcoholic drinks; and although their effects are in some degree modified by habit and occupation, by climate and season of the year, and even by the intoxicating agent itself, yet the general and ultimate consequences are the same."

Dr. Carpenter, the author of Carpenter's Physiology, and five thousand more first-class physicians, signed the following:

We, the undersigned, are of the opinion,

1. That a very large proportion of human misery, including poverty, disease and crime, is induced by the use of alcoholic and fermented liquors as beverages.

2. That the most perfect health is compatible with total abstinence from all such intoxicating beverages, whether in the form of ardent spirits, or as wine, beer, ale, porter, cider, etc.

3. That persons accustomed to such drinks may with safety discontinue them entirely, either at once, or gradually after a short time.

4. That total and universal abstinence from alcoholic beverages of all sorts would add greatly to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race.

The Portland Press gives the following description of how the liquor traffic has been carried on in at least one place in Maine. It well illustrates the experiments liquor dealers are forced to resort to and is the best possible evidence of the stringency of the liquor laws in that state:

"One day last week, at No 10 Pleasant street, Deputies Gribben and Sterling hustled the collar and finally found that on Pleasant street side the wall was not solid. An iron frame had been set into the wall, a board put against the frame, and the stone wall was split very thin and laid with mortar on the board, the whole naturally representing a solid wall. The layers of stone and boards removed, a door was exposed, which being pried up, access was obtained to a sort of ante room, four by six feet, dug out and well plastered up. In this place nothing was found, but by digging into the wall a door was discovered leading to another chamber, and it took the officers fully an hour to open the second door, it yielding at last to the bar, falling down

ward, showing that if you only knew how, you could get in easily enough by touching a spring at the top. The second room was quite large, and contained the barrels. Both the barrels were on tap, having a common outlet in a large hose leading up through the wall, between the sill and brick underpinning, to the room above. The hose was so arranged that when not in use would fall down completely out of sight."

SUGGESTIONS TO SINGERS.

As regards bodily exertions, everything tending to invigorate and strengthen the body will also be beneficial to the voice. But it should be borne in mind that a singer, after long continued exercise or gymnastics, walking, riding, dancing, etc., requires to rest for a few hours ere again calling his vocal powers into requisition. And this brings us to a question of interest, especially to our friends of the fair sex. Is dancing injurious to the possession and retention of a pure voice? Here, we have the same answer as to most similar questions. If dancing be carried on with moderation, it has no evil results. When overdone, it calls the respiratory organs into unnatural and excessive requisition. The precautions in reference to overheating, and, in case of overheating, the precautions to be taken, apply as well to dancing as to any of the exercises named. It is not well to sing immediately after having danced.

Singing in the open air should always be carried on with caution. After dark it should never be indulged in, when the temperature is cold and moist. Especially dangerous to the voice is either speaking or singing, when performed with the face toward the wind. De l'Isere advises that, if an artist in singing be obliged to go out during a damp and low temperature, the singer should take the precaution always to carry his handkerchief before his mouth and nose. In this way he will always respire a temperate air, and be withdrawn from the irritating actions of the cold.

Martin, the celebrated singer, whose voice was noted for its purity, flexibility and the extensiveness of its range, always took this precaution. As respects too diligent application of young ladies and girls in sewing, knitting, embroidery, etc., it becomes prejudicial when too long persisted in at one time, in consequence of the nervous exhaustion apt to follow, and also from the bent position taken in such labors. The respiration is hindered, and the development of the lungs with it. Singers should avoid long continued writing, note-copying, and the like, and should rather exercise themselves in gymnastics which develop the muscles and the chest. The simultaneous study of other musical instruments next claims our attention. The study of the piano-forte and of stringed instruments must of course prove of great advantage to the musical education and development of a singer or of a person devoted to this art, in this respect, that it acquaints him with many of the master-works of the literature of music, and, on the other hand, places him in a condition in which he is able to accompany himself, and to study solo parts.

At the same time, the young singer should exercise himself in not too long or too tiring finger exercises. Piano virtuoso, the carrying out or performing of difficult pieces and singing at the same time, had best be left alone. Virtuoso and good singing seldom are easily accomplished together. The study and acquirement of wind instruments along with singing, the commencing singer should never think of. He requires his throat and lungs sufficiently for his singing, and therefore should avoid everything making heavy demands on these organs.—Sieber's Art of Singing.

W. FRIEND,
Carriages, Harnesses, Whips,
AND ALL KINDS OF
Horse and Stable Goods,
Also agent for the Prussian Army Harness
Oil Blacking Co.
BROADWAY, OPPOSITE WINTER ST.,
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Fish Market to Let.
The subscriber offers for rent the portion of his building used as a FISH MARKET, as well as the tenement connected with the same.
Apply on the premises.

THOS. H. RUSSELL.
Arlington, June 1, 1885.

Keep the Bugs from the Vines.

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PLASTER.

For sale by Barrel or Bag, at
Lumber Yards of

GEO. W. GALE,
West Boston Bridge.

Canneryport, Mass.

AND STILL
Another Great Reduction

—IN—

CARPETS.

We have taken from our Wholesale Wareroom

250 ROLLS

—OF—

TAPESTRY BRUSSELS,

Which we shall sell, with borders to match, at

the lowest price ever offered, viz:

60c a yard.

These are very much better patterns and quality than the goods that have been sold for \$2 1/2 and \$3. Don't fail to look at them if you want a carpet. We have a few of the

3-PLY CARPETS

Left at 95c. All wool, new patterns, and perfect goods.

Chipman's Sons & Co.,

Court and Hanover Sts., Boston.

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Watchmaker & Optician,
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WATCHES, CLOCKS, and OPTICAL GOODS,
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are all ready for summer,
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GAUZE UNDERWEAR,

PARASOLS,

FANS,

HAMMOCKS,

White Skirts, Sacks, Waists, Ties,

Hosiery, Gloves, Bathing Caps,

Ladies' and Childrens' Shade Hats

In connection with one of the best lines of

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Please to remember we are the only
Agents for the National Laundry.

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Grant & Cobb's

Bank Building, Arlington.

Table Cloth! Dresser

Linens! Bedding! Drapery!

SONG OF THE COUNTRY.

Away from the roar and the rattle,
The dust and din of the town,
Where to live is to bawl and to battle,
Till the strong treads the weak man down.
Away to the bonnie green hills,
Where the sunshine sleeps on the brae,
And the heart of the greenwood thrills
To the hymn of the bird on the spray.

Away from the smoke and the smother,
The vale of the dun and the brown,
The push and the clash and the pother
The wear and waste of the town!
Away where the sky shines clear,
And the light breeze wanders at will,
And the dark pine wood nods near
To the light plumed birch on the hill.

Away from the whirling and wheeling,
And steaming above and below.
Where the heart has no leisure for feeling,
And the thought has no quiet to grow.
Away where the clear brook purrs,
And the hyacinth droops in the shade.
And the plume of the fern uncurls
Its grace in the depth of the glade.

Away to the cottage, so sweetly
Embossed 'neath the fringe of the wood.
Where the wife of my bosom shall meet me
With thoughts ever kindly and good.
More dear than the worth of the world
Fond mother with bairnes three.
And the plump-armed babe that has curled
Its lips sweetly pouting for me.

—J. Stuart Blackie.

DONALD'S WIFE.

When Donald McKeon married his ward, Jessie Sumner, many of his friends said he had made a mistake.

She was a merry, laughing girl of eighteen, fresh from school; and he, her father's old friend, a quiet, self-contained man of thirty-five, and it can scarcely be wondered at that many wise heads were shaken over the ill-assorted match.

Jessie had always stood a little in awe of the quiet, stern man, who had been a frequent visitor at her father's house during his lifetime.

But she was quite unprovided for, and Donald McKeon was wealthy; and when he asked her to be his wife in a matter-of-fact way, very much as he might have asked her to be his housekeeper, it seemed the easiest way to solve the troublesome problem of her life; and beside this, she knew her father to have been under obligations to him, and more than suspected that the three years she had spent at a fashionable school since her father's death had been at his expense.

And so they were married, and he took her to the old home that his family had owned and occupied for generations.

It was quite a stately house, surrounded by handsome, old-fashioned grounds. But a little time ago it had been quite on the suburbs, but the city had reached out ever-encroaching arms until now it was surrounded by stately rows of brown stone and glaring new bricks.

But in spite of its great, handsomely-furnished rooms, its stores of plate and fine linen, and the bright, old-fashioned garden at the back, it seemed a dreary prison to the laughter-loving girl-wife.

Mr. McKeon had done what he could to brighten the old rooms, and had built a large conservatory, knowing that Jessie was fond of flowers, and she might have been quite happy had he known more of the ways and needs of women.

But he had always been devoted to business, caring little for the society of women, and knowing little of them, except the grim, old spinster aunt who had presided over his house since his mother's death, until he brought his young wife home.

It never occurred to him that it was a dreary sort of life for a girl like Jessie, alone in the gloomy old house all day, with only the servants and the ghosts of bygone generations for company.

And when she grew pale and listless, and lost her old elasticity of spirits, a fear that had haunted him since his wedding day took possession of him and poisoned his life—a fear that she had married him for home and position and already regretted her choice.

Gladly would he have given her back her liberty had that been possible.

But being a sensitive, undemonstrative man, he let her see nothing of this, but rather shrank from her because of the wrong he felt he had done her, and came and went and made no sign.

And then people began to discover that Mrs. McKeon was a very charming woman, and her husband a wealthy and influential man, and invitations began to pour in upon her.

And Jessie plunged into this new life of fashionable dissipation with a zest that was the natural reaction from the gloom and loneliness of the past year.

At first her husband accompanied her wherever she went, for he had somewhat old-fashioned notions as to what was right and fitting for women to do.

But it was a life he utterly detested. It interfered with his business, and he looked below the surface and saw the hollow falsehood it was after all, and it grated on his fine ideas of truth and sincerity.

Perhaps he was somewhat dictatorial in his manner of telling her this; perhaps she imagined so. But when he urged the point she rebelled against his assumption of authority.

It was their first quarrel and their last, but it was a very bitter one.

She spoke cruel, stinging words that rankled and hurt him the more that he had learned to love her so dearly, as only reserved, self-contained men such as he can love, and then only when they heard all the treasures of their nature to lavish it in middle life on the one woman who is their fate.

After that he opposed her in nothing, but it was as though a great wall of ice had risen between them.

He devoted himself to business, and she became the acknowledged leader of the most exclusive circle in the city.

She was madly extravagant. She made the old house a marvel of aesthetic beauty, and entertained like a princess.

Mrs. McKeon's toilets, jewels and dinners became the models for her set.

Men worshiped her beauty; but for all their flattery she had the same smile of cold contempt, and no man was bold enough to venture beyond the mere commonplace.

And so the years passed, and each one drifted them farther apart, until they seldom met, except at their own grand entertainments. Each year she became more the slave of fashion, and he of his office. But through it all he loved her with an undying love, and his one thought was to gratify her every whim.

And when the dark days came—when ships that were sent out freighted with costly wares went down and were heard no more—when houses that seemed stable as granite failed, and his wealth seemed melting away like a snow-wreath, his only thought was for her; and though each day his hair grew whiter, and his form grew stooped with bending over the long columns of figures in which the balance was always on the wrong side, he whispered, "For her sake," and struggled on and denied her nothing.

And even on the day when he came home, knowing that all his efforts had availed him nothing and he was a poor man, his only regret was for her, that he would never more be able to give her the things for which she had bartered so much.

He went into the grand, old library, which was almost the only room in the house that remained unchanged, and tried to collect his thoughts. How would he tell her? was the question that reiterates itself through his brain, and for the first time in his life Donald McKeon was a coward.

The thought came to him of how she who had chafed at her bonds when they were gilded would bear the closer relations a straitened income would entail.

And he resolved that this at least he would spare her. After all his obligations were met there would be something left, not more than she had often lavished on one dinner, perhaps, but still enough to keep her from absolute want. Jessie should have this, and he would go away and work for her and dream of her, but never again trouble her with his presence.

He sat down and wrote a letter, telling her this simply, directly, and with the great love he bore her breathing through every word.

The servant had told him she would not be in for some time, and he took the note himself up to her room.

It was a dainty place, bright as unbounded wealth and an exquisite taste could make it.

He left the note on her toilet-table, lingering for a moment to touch caressingly the costly articles that were scattered about, all breathing of her presence.

When he returned to the library the early dusk was falling. A servant came, bringing light, but he dismissed him impatiently, and a few moments later heard the sound of wheels and the sweet voice of his wife in the hall giving some directions.

At length the silence became unbearable, and he seated himself at the piano. In his old bachelor days music had been his passion, but in these latter years of feverish struggle he had found no time for it. But when his fingers touched the keys all the despair, the pain and longing in his heart found voice in the rich chords that filled the room.

He played on, and gradually the burden was lifted. Music gave him the comfort she ever gives to those who truly love her. It was no longer a wail of despair, but a pean of thanksgiving for victory gained.

So absorbed was he that he did not hear a soft footstep enter the room. A hand was laid on his shoulder, and a tremulous voice said:

"Donald."

His hand came down with a sudden discord on the keys. It was the first time Jessie had ever called him by that name.

He turned and saw her standing there in her dressing-gown of soft cashmere. The firelight was sending long rays down the stately gloom of the library, and she looked very beautiful against the rosy background.

"You read my letter, Jessie?"

"Yes; and I am sorry for your sake, Donald; you have worked so hard for your wealth."

"Do not think of me, Jessie. It is not for myself I care. I am not afraid of poverty. But, oh, my child, if I could save you from its sting! If it were at the sacrifice of my own life, as heaven is my witness, I would not leave it."

She came close to him and laid her hands on his.

"Donald there is a better thing you can give me than wealth can buy. Give me back the love I so madly threw away. Let me work with you and help you, and I will bless the day that made us poor!"

"Jessie," he said, "are you sure of this? Do not try to deceive me. Do not say if it is not true. I could go away now and learn to bear it, but to open my heart to this new hope and then find I was mistaken would kill me!"

"Donald, do you think I am made of stone—that I could know all your kindness and patience all these years, and not learn to love you? Oh, so often I have longed to kneel at your feet and ask your forgiveness, but I believed I had forfeited your love by my folly."

"And you will not regret the loss of wealth and luxury?" he said, incredulously, "and can be happy with only my love!"

"French policemen in Paris are paid rewards of from \$1 to \$5 for making arrests and capturing offenders."

"You forget papa and I were poor

before I married you, Donald, and I was happier in those old days than I have ever been since I learned to hate the things that cost me so much, and to envy the poorest woman happy in her husband's love."

He turned the sweet, tear-wet face to the firelight, and bent down and looked into her eyes. And then he took her close in his arms.

"My darling—oh, my darling!" he said, softly.

And in their hearts there was a gladness that all the treasures of the world could not buy.

Street Life in Naples.

The horrors of the poorest quarters of Naples have often been descended on by philanthropists, and by none more eloquently than by a learned and benevolent Italian professor, who described his experiences in the writer's presence. Amid the accumulated miseries he witnessed, his compassion was especially aroused by one case—that of a widow, who, with two children, a boy and a girl, slept in a damp and noisome cellar, so infested by rats that a large stone had to be kept in reach at night to repel their approaches. The principal sustenance of the family consisted of water in which chestnuts had been boiled, with some miscellaneous scraps; their clothing matched their food and lodging. From this state of wretchedness they were rescued by the professor, by whose exertions, after having been washed and decently clad, they were placed in a school, where the children were taught, and the mother employed as a charwoman. At the end of two months she threw up her situation, to go back with her children, to her old den. They were irreclaimable, and could not bear the restraints of civilization. But in mitigation of the misery of Neapolitan rockeries, it must be said that they are mere lairs, resorting to sleep alone, while the remaining business of his life is carried on out of doors in the most equably benign climate in the world. The back streets and blind alleys of Naples are the scenes of a perpetual picnic, recalling the al-fresco housekeeping of a gypsy lamp. Fire is rarely lit within doors, and culinary operations are carried on in the street, over circular braziers in the shape of a warming pan, the charcoal in which is fanned to glowing heat with a disk of plaited straw, the inevitable substitute for a bellows. These movable hearths in winter become centers of attraction to the passersby, and the groups of loungers gathered round them form a conspicuous feature of Neapolitan outdoor life. The street which has served as a kitchen is transformed into a banquet hall, where, about noon, the inhabitants may be seen seated in front of their houses eating boiled chestnuts or slabs of yellow meal polenta, macaroni, since the introduction of the grist tax, having become rather an article of festive luxury than of daily diet. In the streets, too, are performed all save the most elementary operations of the toilet, and hair-dressing in all its phases; invites the attention of the public, who are gratified with the sight of the long black tresses in every stage of dishevelment. The lava pavement in front of the doors is furnished in the afternoon as a salon with a due allowance of rush-bottomed chair, whose weight-carrying power would seem to be of a high order, judging from the ponderous rotundities they occasionally sustain. These bulky matrons are generally engaged, like so many Parcae, plying distaff and spindle, while the girls seated beside them are more frequently intent on their hemming and stitching. The Neapolitan street urchin is the most gamin of all gaming, surpassing even his Parisian prototype in his own walk.

—*Temple Bar.*

Challenging a Consul.

The following case is of peculiar interest to the consuls of the United States in Europe, and the action of the Wurtemberg government has furnished a valuable precedent. A furniture dealer of Stuttgart, feeling himself aggrieved by a remark said to have been made by Mrs. Catlin, the wife of the United States consul at that capital (but which she denied,) demanded a written apology from Consul Catlin, and failing that, challenged him to fight a duel, naming pistols as his favorite weapon. Mr. Catlin declined to accept the invitation, declaring that he had been sent abroad by his government to respect and uphold the laws of the country to which he had been accredited, and not to violate them by dueling. Thereupon the furniture dealer sent him a grossly insulting communication, which the consul forwarded to the foreign office of the Wurtemberg government. The authorities at once caused the offender to be prosecuted, and he was brought up for trial, found guilty and sentenced to a fine of eighty marks and to pay the full costs of the proceedings.

Paris Continental Gazette.

—*Winged Three of Them.*

A Dakota schoolmistress sued three young men for breach of promise. Counsel for one of the defendants moved for a nonsuit on the ground that she was too promiscuous. The court seemed disposed to grant the motion, whereupon the plaintiff asked:

"Judge, did you ever go duck shooting?"

His honor's eye lighted up with the pride of a sportsman as he answered:

"Well, I should say so; and many's the timshat I've brought down a dozen at a shot."

"I knew it," eagerly added the fair plaintiff: "that's just the case with me judge. Those fellows besieged me and I winged three of them." The motion for a nonsuit was denied.

"Judge, did you ever go duck shooting?"

His honor's eye lighted up with the pride of a sportsman as he answered:

"Well, I should say so; and many's the timshat I've brought down a dozen at a shot."

"I knew it," eagerly added the fair plaintiff: "that's just the case with me judge. Those fellows besieged me and I winged three of them." The motion for a nonsuit was denied.

"Judge, did you ever go duck shooting?"

His honor's eye lighted up with the pride of a sportsman as he answered:

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THE SINGING PREACHER.

THE POWER OF SONG IN RELIGION ILLUSTRATED.

The Story of a Singing Evangelist—Some of the Most Powerful Songs in Religious Influence.

The singing evangelist, Harry F. Sayles, had for some time been conducting song services in Detroit, when he gave a reporter of the *Post and Tribune* an account of his ministry.

"How long have you been engaged in this work, Mr. Sayles?" was naturally the first question asked.

"Since I was nineteen; I am now twenty-five," he answered, pleasantly. "I began church work in my native town, Davenport, Iowa. My father was for many years musical director in Henry Ward Beecher's church. My mother is a singer and a church worker. I firmly believe that the spirit of God led me into this work, and is always with me."

"Do you have special songs that you use as solos?"

"Yes; some of them have done a great work, too. One of the strongest pieces I sing is 'Eternity.' Have you ever heard it?"

Being answered in the negative, the young gentleman went to an upright piano and, touching the chords, sang in a clear, sweet tenor voice and with a remarkable recitative power, that made it both a song and a sermon, this song:

"Oh, the clangling bells of time,
Night and day they never cease,
We are wearied with their chime
For they do not bring us peace.

"And we hush our breath to hear
And we strain our eyes to see
If thy shores are drawing near.
Eternity! Eternity!"

The refrain of the word "Eternity" was singularly strong and solemn, with an undertone of melancholy sweetness that seemed to plead through all the music, ranging from fortissimo to pianissimo, words and music blending in a charm that could not be resisted, and which reminded the listener of the boy-singers in old St. Paul's in London, where the sweet, incisive voice of the child soloist would fill all hearts and the cathedral with a volume of heavenly melody. With his limited opportunities Mr. Sayles gave a fair idea of what he could do.

"There is another favorite that the people like," he said, turning the leaves and singing softly:

"'Tis known on earth and in heaven too,
'Tis sweet to me, because 'tis true,
The old, old, story is ever new;
Tell me more about Jesus."

The representative of the *Post and Tribune* had heard the young evangelist sing "Tell Me More About Jesus" before an audience, many of whom were gray-haired men and women, who had bowed their heads and wept as the sweet young voice rose and fell on the waves of sound, and seemed vibrating between heaven and earth.

What Mr. Sayles calls a "decision song" is also a favorite with him in his work:

"Oh, do not let the word depart
And close thine eyes against the light,
Poor sinner, harder not the heart,
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?
Why not to-night? Why not to-night?
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?"

A stirring song is, "Who is on the Lord's Side?"

"We're marching to Canaan with banner and song;
We're soldiers enlisted to fight against the wrong;
But least in the conflict our strength should divide,
We ask 'Who among us is on the Lord's side?'
Oh, who is there among us, the true and the tried,
Who'll stand by his colors—who's on the Lord's side?"

An invitation song with a pleasing melody, which Mr. Sayles uses with much effect, is this:

"Why do you wait, dear brother,
Why do you tarry so long;
Your Savior is waiting to give you
A place in his sanctified throng.

"Why not, why not.
Why not come to him now?"

"There is a beautiful hymn which is also used as a parlor song," said the young man, "which I like to sing to un-decided people; it means so much," and he sang with thrilling sweetness the words "There is a green hill far away." "Do you remember," he continued, with a rapt expression on his pale, delicate features, "the dead line of the Southern prison? I use that to help me in my work; that dead line is going to run through whole families; it will separate them in eternity if they are afraid to cross it. Oh! I plead with them to step over that line which runs through two worlds and divides the right from the left. Listen to this: "Oh, tender and sweet was the Master's voice."

As he lovingly called to me:

"Come over the line, it is only a step,
I am waiting, my child, for thee."

"Over the line, hear the sweet refrain,
Angels are chanting the heavenly strain;
Over the line, why should I remain
With a step between me and Jesus?"

It is easy to understand how hearts can be awakened by such methods, which are so gently persuasive that they challenge no resistance, and how the climax

"I'll not remain,
I will cross it and go to Jesus,"

meets with a responsive welcome of absolute sublimation.

The singing evangelist's work is largely sympathetic, and he gives out his own personal magnetism until at the end of a meeting in which he has read the Scriptures, sung his two or three solos, led the choruses and preached the sermon, he is as weak and faint as a helpless child.

"Why do you work so hard?" His visitor felt the strong influence of that spiritual current which attracts with resistless force and with which this servant of the Lord is highly charged. The evangelist in the words of one of his favorite work-songs:

"Must I go, and smite-handed?
Must I meet my Savior so?
Not one soul with which to greet him,
None I smite-handed go!"

The small, slight form, with nerves

of steel and will of iron sank back wearily, and the brightness faded out of the inspired face; it is harder to explain and define a method than to practice it, and the rapport of individual intelligence is more exhaustive than that of crowds.

GAMBLING AT THE CAPITAL.

"Ramsdell," in a Washington letter to the *Philadelphia Press*, says: I have been in Washington nearly twenty years, off and on, and I have an idea I know pretty nearly everything that is going on here. That army and navy officers' gamble is an undeniable fact. They do it in every country in the world, but that does not make it right, of course. But there is not the promiscuous gambling here that the outside papers would make you believe. There is not a gambling-house in Washington to-day—except it may be some little place where colored men and newsboys play "policy." All the big gambling-houses are closed, and have been for the past year. The law of Congress is very strict, and the authorities are enforcing it. There are no clubs in Washington where gambling is carried on to any great extent. Indeed, there is not a city of its size in the country which has so few clubs. There is only one organization in the whole town that deserves the name of club, and I am very sure there is very little gambling within its walls. There are, it is true, several little social clubs, in which the alluring poker is played, and I happen to know several high army officers who get together every day or two, particularly rainy days, and indulge their passion for "draw." But the betting is limited to \$1, and so the risks are not great.

Time was, however, "in the golden days of the empire," when the old Washington ring was in its glory, that gambling here flourished most prosperously. Gambling-houses by the dozens were open and above board. Every hotel and restaurant had its poker-rooms. The clubs were little else than polite gambling-houses, and there were poker parties in many of the handsomest private houses. As I look back on those days it appears to me that every one played poker. I know cabinet officers, bureau officers, army and navy officers, senators and members of Congress played, and I think they all played. At the time I speak of the famous gambler John Chamberlain, now retired from the cloth, occupied the residence of Sir Edward Thornton, the British minister. Sir Edward moved out of his beautiful house one day, and Chamberlain moved in the next, with all his gambling outfit. He gave glorious suppers, and some of the best people of Washington visited his place and enjoyed his hospitality. But they never were permitted to join in the play, and never saw what was going on in other parts of the house. I have seen senators, foreign ministers, and society gentlemen in the highest ranks in these same parlors, where the British minister entertained his company. A newspaper man may go anywhere you know.

I very well remember a poker party whose members sat for twenty-five hours on a certain occasion. Of the party there were three United States senators, and one of them left the table \$6,000 winner. I do not know that he ever got the money. One of the members of the party is now a senator (at the time I speak of he was State treasurer of a Western State), and was elected within the past year. The senators I speak of are all now out of Congress and are rich.

THE MAJESTY OF SHOSHONE FALLS.

In the midst of one of nature's dreariest solitudes—America's Sahara—surrounded by what seems an interminable wilderness barren, of all growth but sage, walled in on all sides by precipitous and insurmountable cliffs and walls of rock, are Shoshone falls. There Snake river's mighty volume of water, emerging from its placid stream above, suddenly leaps a distance of seventy-five feet, pauses an instant, as if hesitating to take the fearful bound, and then takes its final plunge into a watery profound nearly 800 feet below! I have stood for hours and watched, without wearying, upon the summit of the mighty walls of basalt which tower so grandly about this marvel of nature, and watched the descending waters as they poured down, down, down, into the awful abyss that yawns so far below; watched the clouds of spray as they rose up and formed in misty magnificence between the sides of the tremendous chasm blinding their tender frost-work of silver and glass with the purple and green and gold of the sun's light until all the lines of the prism were seized, woven into fantastic bands of beauty, and bound around the stormy brow of the majestic cataract; watched the great river as it hurried away from the fearful scene; heard the deafening roar and crash of the madly rushing torrent as it swept in terrific grandeur by, and my soul has stood still, awed into silent reverence by the incomparable spectacle. Nowhere else in nature have these great falls a counterpart. Nowhere else in nature is there such an overwhelming manifestation of irresistible power, coupled with such rude savagery as hovers around Shoshone falls. In a vast sea of sage and repulsive as vast, bounded in all directions by a dull monotony of plain, in the midst of a desolation inconceivably desolate, they are a gem of matchless beauty set.—*Idaho World*.

The "Thirteen Club," of London, at one of their recent dinners, had the menu printed on cards shaped like coffins. This was hardly as aesthetic as the skull at the Egyptian banquets.

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The *Religious Gazette* says that 100 locomotives here in Switzerland as 181 in Germany, 189 in Austria, and 14 in Austro-Hungary.

It is estimated that Bohemia's crop of corn this year will yield 100,000,000 bushels.

FASHION NOTES.

Ribbons are used to excess on white dresses.

Large round collars are worn by children.

The new embroideries are lace-like in the extreme.

Closely woven colored dresses are now in demand.

The bodice of an evening dress is stylishly trimmed with ostrich tips.

Dark carpets and dark paper hangings are rapidly going out of fashion.

There is talk of reviving the red velvet and rosewood furniture of the past.

Kerchiefs of mull, plain, dotted and embroidered, are as fashionable as ever.

Braid and chain stitching combined are again introduced in fashionable needle-work.

Lace collars, with a plastron attached, which forms a kind of Moliere waistcoat front, are much worn.

Gathered lace ruffles are the trimming used on mull muslin dresses, whether white, tinted or printed.

White Swiss muslin dresses are trimmed sometimes with bands of dotted embroidery in bright colors.

The latest freak in linen collars is to have a narrow rolled-over edge at the top of the high band, and this edge is finely embroidered.

The new printed mull muslins have white grounds, on which are flower designs fine as hand painting by the best artists in that line.

DIPLOMATS AND THEIR WIVES.

Of late years the intelligence of the American ministers, and the charm and elegance of their wives, have, says the Paris *Messenger*, furnished themes for frequent and favorable comment. There are legends still existing, it is true, of how, in bygone years, the wife of an American minister at the court of St. James horrified all English sticklers for etiquette by recommending catnip tea to Queen Victoria as a sovereign remedy for the colic in babies, and kissing all the royal children when she met them taking an airing in the park with their nurses and governesses. There is, too, a story extant of one of these transatlantic dames who, on being presented to the queen, did not kiss her majesty's proffered hand, but shook it heartily in her own, declaring, at the same time, "that she was happy to make her acquaintance." But these days have passed away, never to return. When Mr. Buchanan was minister to England he made a highly favorable impression, in a social point of view. His drawing-room was presided over by one of the loveliest women that ever graced a court—his niece, Miss Harriet Lane. She was a blonde, of a regal and superb type; her profuse, golden tresses, large blue eyes and exquisite complexion, the fine proportions of her graceful and dignified form, and the queenly carriage of her beautifully-shaped head, rendered her a noble specimen of American beauty. Her manners were perfect in their subtle blending of cordiality and dignity. She was greatly admired in London, and the question, "Are all the American ladies as beautiful as Miss Lane?" was one that was frequently asked.

One of our representatives to one of the minor courts of Italy, in the days when that country was an agglomeration of petty royalties and dukedoms, once wrote home to a friend an account of the social life of the capital to which he was accredited, and passed some sweeping strictures on the morals of the ladies at the court. The friend to whom this letter was written committed the unpardonable error of giving it for publication to a prominent local newspaper. The tidings of the letter and its contents crossed the sea and brought a very storm of indignation upon the head of our unfortunate envoy. His recall was at once demanded by the government to which he was accredited, but the United States authorities refused to take such action in the case, as they held that the obnoxious letter, being written for private circulation merely, was not a sufficient cause for his removal. Perhaps this victim of a friend's indiscretion would have done well to have taken the matter in his own hands and retired, for his position thereafter at the court of X—was anything but a pleasant one. All official and diplomatic business was transacted with him as usual, but socially he was wholly ignored. He received no invitation to any of the court balls or official entertainments, neither could he procure any for his country people. And this unpleasant state of affairs lasted till the expiration of his term of office.

Seven hundred thousand acres of the best land in India are devoted to the cultivation of the poppy. Five thousand pounds of the opium produced is sold in China.

"De Likewise," Dr. R. V. Prince, Buffalo, N. Y.: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine trouble. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely disengaged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription' and using the local treatment recommended in your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' In three months I was perfectly cured. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them and enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the treatment and were much better already."—*Man. & Mon. New York*.

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, June 27, 1883.

MR. EDITOR.—It is stated that Postmaster General Gresham will shortly renew the war on lottery swindles, which was begun some years ago and subsequently abandoned. At least he has said that he will look into the matter and see what his power in the premises amounts to. Washington is a good market for lottery tickets. The monthly sales of the Louisiana Lottery Company here is estimated to run up into the thousands, and the trade has been considerably stimulated by the judicious distribution of a few prizes. Department clerks and government employees of various grades are liberal and persistent purchasers of these tickets, many of them investing from \$5 to \$10 monthly in the drawings. It is singular how they find encouragement to keep up this drain upon their incomes, for of the hundreds of thousands of dollars thus thrown away but a few hundreds have been returned in prizes, and these have not fallen to the most regular and persistent investors. But this, like all other species of gambling, when the hope of renewed gain is held out, possesses a strange fascination for those who once tempt the fickle goddess, and however slender the chances may really be each player in the game thinks that the wheel must finally turn in his direction—that luck will change at last—and so he goes on getting in deeper and deeper with every revolution, and often squandering that which belongs to creditors or to family and children. Suppose, for instance, these government clerks were to deposit each month in some good savings bank the amount they send to the swindling lottery companies, how much better would be their chances of ultimately possessing a fortune! It is certainly the duty of the government to interfere in this matter and constitute itself the guardian of its employees since so many of them are incompetent to protect themselves. With all the uncertainties of their positions before them, few of them save a dollar.

The Louisiana company has had one and sometimes two agencies here for the last five or six years. Occasionally the local authorities have arrested them and imposed a fine, but these fines are readily paid and the business goes on as before. This powerful and wealthy company has many friends in the capital and attempts to check its operations have met with powerful obstructions at every step. During President Hayes' term it had considerable litigation on its hands here, and thereby secured a great amount of gratuitous but valuable advertising. The Post Office Department first attacked the Commonwealth Distribution Company of Louisville, Ky., in October, 1879, by directing postmasters not to deliver the registered letters addressed to the company or its agents. The company sued the department and was beaten. It then appealed. In November, 1879, the department forbade the payment of any money order or the delivery of any registered letter directed to M. A. Dauphin, of the Louisiana Lottery Company in New Orleans. The company filed a bill of complaint against the Postmaster General, in the supreme court of this District, attacked the constitutionality of the statute under which the order was made, and asked for an injunction. The court affirmed the constitutionality of the law and dismissed the bill. In this case Senator Carpenter, representative E. John Ellis and Casey Young, and Hon. T. J. Bartley, the Hon. M. I. Southard and others, appeared as council for the company, and Judge Cox delivered the opinion. The company appealed and afterward scored a victory in the District supreme court in banc, where the fact that the concern had been recognized in the Louisiana Constitution was brought forward, and it was held that it had not been proven that the lottery was a fraudulent one. The law under which the department acted provided for such action against "fraudulent lotteries."

When the company appealed to the court in banc, the orders made by Judge Key were suspended, so far as they might effect companies having authority being recognized as prima facie evidence that the company is not fraudulent. In this report for 1879, Postmaster General Key recommended that Congress should amend the law by striking out the word "fraudulent," and Postmaster General Maynard renewed the recommendation in 1880. Why Congress has not acted, nobody knows, but it is frequently asked if a judicious use of money by the company has not had something to do with it. Great efforts are made by the Louisiana Company to convince the public that its drawings are fair. The newspapers of the city regularly runs its advertisements, and every now and then contain articles a column or two in length laboring to establish this belief, yet in view of the enormous profits known to have been realized by its managers, and other circumstances more or less peculiar, there are many who entertain doubts. It is a question whether any purely gambling scheme was ever conducted honestly. The opportunities and the temptations presented in them are too numerous. If the Postmaster General can see his way clear to shut these companies out of the mails he will do a good thing. If he cannot do it without congressional aid, the matter should be presented to Congress that every member would be compelled to show his hand.

PHAKS.

FTHE Art Amateur for July contains pleasing designs of buttercups and apple-blossoms for china painting, a charming pond-lily design for embroidery, two pages of jewelry designs, a page of monograms, and a page of capital borders for wood-carving. The work of American painters in the Paris Salon is reviewed, and drawings are given of fifteen of the most attractive and important pictures in the exhibition. An admirable and copiously illustrated article on "The Theory and Practice of Pen Drawing" is alone worth the price of the number to the many who are interested in this humble but useful art. Other valuable practical articles are those on art teaching for women in Paris, landscape painting in oil, painting heads on china, wood-carving and wood-staining. No one interested in art should fail to examine the July issue of this excellent magazine. Price 35 cents; per annum \$4. Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

FTHE July number of Demorest's Monthly Magazine is certainly one of the most attractive issues of this interesting periodical. A striking feature is the plaster papier bas-relief of the head of Perseus, which is not only a great novelty, but an exquisite work of art. A beautiful photogravure of a "Little Bride" also adorns the art department, and the other illustrations are numerous. The literary articles are of a high order of merit. The poetical department is well filled, as are the kitchen, fancy work, scientific and fashion departments; while Current Topics are most ably and agreeably discussed. The July number of Demorest's Monthly Magazine should be in the possession of every one, the beautiful illustrations alone making it well worth possessing, to say nothing of the advantage it is to the household in the way of select reading and useful information.

A YOUNG OLD LADY.

"Yes, Sir!" I'm younger than any of my children now," said Mrs. Sarah M. Robinson, of 61 William St., New Haven, Conn.—We read about this kind of noble Ladies, but Seldom see them in Society.

"Yes, sir! I'm younger than any of my children now. I keep up with the times. I read the papers, apply the victories of old Yale, and don't grow old," were the words of Mrs. Robinson to your reporter when he called at her home. Mrs. Robinson is one of the earnest, godly kind, sort of aged ladies, of whom you read, who are so rarely found in modern society. "I've had my share of trouble," she said, "for all my life I've been a sufferer from erysipelas. From this has resulted diseased stomach and inaction of the digestive organs. I've been troubled with dyspepsia, and have had such a weakness of the stomach that it has required me to undergo something artistic and strengthening. I've written this to try to help others." She has been under the physicians' care a great deal during my life, but I never received any permanent benefit, I think, until I began taking Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY, which has proved a perfect restorative in my case. My health is better now than it has been for a long time. I consider Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY an excellent medicine. It acts well especially in this city. I keep it as a family medicine and rely upon it, for I know of the good results of using it."

Your reporter left Mrs. Robinson rejoicing in health and renewed youth, and bestowing merited praise on that which, viz.—the source of happiness to thousands, viz.—Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY. Your druggist for it, KENNY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, has become a household word. Everybody, sonner or later gets sick and sickens, both wearisome and costly. FAVORITE REMEDY steps in at this point. It is not expensive and is efficient. For all diseases of the blood, bilious disorders, kidney complaints, constipation, and the aches and ills which make the domestic life of women a cross so hard to bear.

FINVENTORS requiring the services of reliable patent attorneys, soldiers entitled to back pay or bounties, and other parties having claims in any of the Departments or before Congress, will find it for their interest to correspond with Presbrey & Green, 529 7th street, Washington, D. C.

FVegetable will cure the worst cases of Scrofula, for which no medicine has attained such a great reputation.

ARLINGTON

Miniature Directory, 1883.

TOWN OFFICERS.

Selectmen, Overseers of Poor, etc.—Alonzo W. Damon, Henry J. Locke, Samuel E. Kimball.

Town Clerk, Treasurer and Collector—B. Delmont Locke. Office at Town Hall. Hours from 3 to 12; from 2 to 6. Open evenings, Wednesdays excepted.

School Committee—Dr. Wm. A. Winn, Chairman; C. E. Goodwin, secretary; Timothy O'Leary, Henry Swan, William E. Wood, Rev. C. H. Watson, Rev. Matthew Harkins, A. Willard Damon, Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D.

Library Committee—James P. Farmer, T. H. Trowbridge, Richard L. Hodgdon.

Water Commissioners—Henry Mott, Samuel E. Kimball, Warren Rawson.

Water Register, B. Delmont Locke; Supt. of Works, Geo. W. Austin, office at Town Hall.

Superintendent of Streets, G. W. Austin.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Charles Gott, Chief Engineer; George A. Stearns, William Gibson, Asst.; Meet last Saturday evening before last Monday in each month.

This office is splendidly stocked with job printing type.

HIghland Hose, No. 2. Foreman, Matthew Rowe 2d; Clerk, John Mead; treasurer, Geo. H. Hill; steward, John Nolan. Meet the second Tuesday in each month.

WM. PENN HOSE NO. 3. Foreman, Wm. O. Austin; 1st asst. Frank P. Winn; clerk, N. Whittier; treasurer, Warren A. Peirce; steward, Charles E. Bacon. Meet third Tuesday in each month.

MENOTOMY H. AND L. TRUCK. Foreman, John Butler; clerk, John Splan; steward, Wm. Sweeney. Meet second Tuesday of each month.

POLICE OFFICERS.

John H. Hartwell, chief.

Patrick J. Shean. Garret Barry.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The Library is open every week day afternoon, from 3 to 6 o'clock, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when it is kept open two hours later. The Library is located in Town Hall building.

Lizzie J. Newton, Librarian.

ARLINGTON 5 CT. SAV. BANK.

Albert Winn, President.

The offices are in Bank Building, corner of Arlington Avenue and Pleasant Street and are open for business Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and evenings, after three o'clock. Abel R. Proctor, Secretary.

CHURCHES.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. Charles H. Watson, Pastor.

Wendell E. Richardson, supt. of S. S. H. Chamberlin, assistant; John F. Allen, Jr., secretary and treasurer. Preaching service at 10:45. Sunday School at noon; evening service at 7 o'clock.

FIRST PARISH—UNITARIAN.

Rev. J. P. Forbes, Pastor.

Sunday School at 9:30, H. H. Ceiley, superintendent; preaching service at 10:45.

ST. JOHN'S—EPISCOPAL.

Rev. C. M. Addison, Rector.

Morning prayer and sermon 10:30; evening prayer and sermon 7:30; Sunday School at noon; Thos. B. Cotter, supt.; James Wilson, librarian.

PEASANT STREET CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D., Pastor.

Myron Taylor, Superintendent of Sunday School; Charles S. Parker, assistant; Edm. W. Noyes, secretary. Preaching service at 10:45; Sunday School at noon; services in the evening at 7:30 o'clock; Young Peoples' meeting at 6:30.

ST. MALACHY—CATHOLIC.

Rev. Matthew Harkins, Pastor.

Rev. James J. O'Brien and Rev. J. W. Gallagher, Assistants. Low mass at 8 o'clock; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 4 p.m.; Sunday school at 2:45, under the care of pastor and assistants.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Mrs. M. Fletcher, superintendent of S. S. Henry Swan, Miss L. J. Russell, assistants, Secretary, Miss Nellie Marston. Treasurer, Charles S. Richardson. Preaching service at 10:45; Sunday School at noon.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Union Hall, Arlington Heights. Rev. Frank I. Fisher, Pastor.

Preaching at 10:45 a. m.; Praise service at 7 p. m.; Sunday School at noon. Geo. V. Young, superintendent. Austin Sylvester, secretary and treasurer. Henry A. Kieler, librarian.

SOCIETIES.

Hiram Lodge, F. A. M. Meets in Masonic Hall, corner Arlington Avenue and Medford street, Thursday on or before full moon each month. Edm. W. Noyes, W. M. Secretary, L. D. Bradley. Treasurer, George D. Tufts.

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MONOTOMY ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER. Meets in Masonic Hall, second Tuesday of each month. Charles H. Prentiss, H. P. Secretary, Joseph W. Whitaker. Treasurer, Wilson W. Fay.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 12, I. O. O. F. Meets in Bank Building, corner Arlington Avenue and Pleasant street, every Wednesday evening. G. P. Peirce, N. G. Secretary, Charles S. Richardson. Treasurer, William L. Clark.

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